

SHAKESPEARE'S
MASTERPIECES

1988 89

090

3294/RR2/E/RF

LARGE-TYPE EDITION

Shakespeare's
Masterpieces

2294 /
2.R.2
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

MACBETH

~ AS YOU LIKE IT
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
VENUS AND ADONIS

BOOKS, INC.
NEW YORK BOSTON

**HAMLET, PRINCE OF
DENMARK**

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*
HAMLET, *Son to the former and*
Nephew to the present King.

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *Fried to HAMLET.*

LAERTES, *Son to POLONIUS.*

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRIC,

A Gentleman,

A Priest.

MARCELLUS,

BERNARDO,

} *Courtiers.*

} *Officers.*

FRANCISCO, *a Soldier.*

REYNALDO, *Servant to POLONIUS.*

Players

Two Clowns, *Grave-diggers.*

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

Ghost of HAMLET's Father.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and*
Mother of HAMLET.

OPELIA, *Daughter to POLONIUS.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sail-
ors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—EL SINORE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—EL SINORE. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran.

Bernardo?

Ber.

He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good-night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them haste.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good-night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good-night.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say.

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio:—welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look where it comes again!

Enter Ghost, armed.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away!

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak. [Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on 't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on

When he the ambitious Norway combated;

So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle,

He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land;

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war;

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week;

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is 't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet,—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher, as by the same cov'nant,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other,—
As it doth well appear unto our state,—
But to recover of us by strong hand,
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precursor of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climature and countrymen.—
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death, [*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone!

[*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up: and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do 't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—EL SINORE. *A Room of State in the Castle.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth and funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—for all, our thanks.
Now follows that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,

Of thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.—
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is:—we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. and Vol. In that and all things will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell. [*Ex. VOL. and COR.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,

And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking?

The head is not more native to the heart,

The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France;

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation;

Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again, toward France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave

By laboursome petition; and at last

Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:

I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside.*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st 'tis common,—all that live must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem;

For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that within which passeth show;

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:

But, you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,

In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere

In obstinate condolence is a course

Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;

An understanding simple and unschool'd:

For what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:

I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:

Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,

That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!

But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,

Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,

That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't,—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
 O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules: within a month;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married:—O, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
 But break, my heart,—for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
 Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you.—Good even, sir.—
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
 But what is your affair in Elsinore?
 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral-bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—methinks I see my father.

Hor. Where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pié,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. and Ber. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. and Ber. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. and Ber. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. and Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;

Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:

I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[*Excunt HOR., MAR., and BER.*]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in POLONIUS's House.*

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd: farewell:

And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood:
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it

As he in his particular act and place
 May give his saying deed; which is no further
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
 If with too credent ear you list his songs,
 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
 And keep within the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
 Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
 The canker galls the infants of the spring
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
 Whilst like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own read.

Laer. O, fear me not.
 I stay too long:—but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with you!
 [*Laying his hand on LAERTES's head.*]
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well

What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wrongs it thus,— you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,—
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.*]

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chanceth in particular men
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else,—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as men may undergo,—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons HAMLET.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?
 It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
 And draw you into madness? think of it:
 The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea
 And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—
 Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.— [Ghost beckons.
Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.

I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*A more remote part of the Platform.*

Enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak;

I'll go no farther.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to waste in fires
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! mine uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, unanointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

[Exit.]

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, my heart:
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.—
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark: [Writing.
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
 It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me:*
 I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord, my lord,—

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!

Mar. [Within.] So be it!

Hor. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?—
 But you'll be secret?

Hor. and Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
 But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
 To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
 You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
 For every man has business an ' desire,
 Such as it is;—and for mine own poor part,
 Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;

Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here:—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. and Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny?—

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen.

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.—

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
 As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antic disposition on,—
 That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
 With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;—
 Or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*;—
 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
 That you know aught of me:—this not to do,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
 Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
 With all my love I do commend me to you.
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint:—O cursed spite,
 That ever I was born to set it right!—
 Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in POLONIUS's House.*

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
 Before you visit him, to make inquiry
 Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
 Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
 And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
 What company, at what expense; and finding,
 By this encompassment and drift of question,
 That they do know my son, come you more nearer
 Than your particular demands will touch it:

Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
 As thus, *I know his father and his friends,*
And in part him;—do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. *And in part him;*—but, you may say, *not well:*

But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so; and there put on him
 What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
 As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
 But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
 As are companions noted and most known
 To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
 Drabbing:—you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith no; as you may season it in the charge.
 You must not put another scandal on him,
 That he is open to incontinency;
 That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly
 That they may seem the taints of liberty;
 The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
 A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
 Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
 You laying these slight sullies on my son,
 As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
 Mark you,
 Your party in converse, him you would sound,
 Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
 The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
 He closes with you in this consequence;
Good sir, or so; or *friend,* or *gentleman,*—
 According to the phrase or the addition
 Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does,—

What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
About to say something:—where did I leave?

Rey. At closes in the consequence,
At friend or so, and gentleman.

Pol. At—closes in the consequence,—ay, marry;
He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,—
Videlicet, a brothel,—or so forth.—*

See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlances, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have,

Pol. God b' wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord!

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell!

[Exit REYNALDO.]

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, i' the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o'doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,

The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good-will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. We both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen.

Ay, amen!

[*Exit Ros., GUIL., and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my god and to my gracious king:
And I do think,—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,—

His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Gives a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home! [*Exeunt* VOLT. and COR.]

Pol. This business is well ended.—
My liege, and madam,—to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief:—your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine,—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise. [*Reads.*
*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia,—*

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,—*beautified* is a vile phrase:
but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. [*Reads.*

*Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I have not art
to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best,
believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to
him,* HAMLET,

This, in obedience, hath my daughter show'd me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she

Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;—
What might you think? No, I went round to work.
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
*Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be:* and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time,—I'd fain know that,—
That I have positively said, 'Tis so,

When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:

Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:

I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.*

Enter HAMLET, reading.

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well; you're a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man
picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god-
kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not
as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to 't.

Pol. How say you by that?—[*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:
—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger:
he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered

much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical slave says here that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honestly to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal,—except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To POLONIUS.*] God save you, sir! [*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Guil. Mine honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not overhappy;

On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. and Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, anything—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no?

Ros. What say you?

[To GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late,—but wherefore I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, *Man delights not me*?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome,—his majesty shall have tribute of me;—the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o’ the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for’t.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in,—the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chance it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an æry of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages,—so they call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was for awhile no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is 't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more ap-

pear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. —You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—

One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. [*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why—

As by lot, God wot,
and then, you know,

It came to pass, as most like it was,—
the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look
where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! Thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember,, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the genera': but it was,—as I received it, and others whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine,—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallies in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line;—let me see, let me see:—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,
—it is not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus:—

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light

To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.—

So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

1 Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round knave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on.
—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on:
come to Hecuba.

1 Play. But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen,—

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;—
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,—
Unless things mortal move them not at all,—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in 's eyes.—Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, better: use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. [*Exit* POLONIUS *with all the Players but the First.*]
—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha' it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines which I would set down and insert in 't? could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.
[*Exit First Player.*]
—My good friends [*to Ros. and GUIL.*],
I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord! [*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

Ham. Ay, so God b' wi' ye!—Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wan'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the state with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this, ha?
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal:—bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fie upon 't! foh!—About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,

Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,—
As he is very potent with such spirits,—
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this:—the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players

We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.—

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [*Excunt ROS. and GUIL.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:

Her father and myself,—lawful espials,—
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:—

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit QUEEN.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.—[*To OPHELIA.*] Read on this
book;

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*Aside.*] O, 'tis too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it

Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprise of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph.

Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,

That I have longed long to re-deliver;

I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;

I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd

As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not born me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry, —be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit.]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers,—quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS. ✓

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the words, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there



HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. and Guil. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROS. and GUIL.]

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger

To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
 There is a play to-night before the king;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance
 Which I have told thee of my father's death:
 I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
 And, after, we will both our judgments join
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
 If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft,
Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
 Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS,
 OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air,
 promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are
 not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played once i' the uni-
 versity, you say? [To POL.]

Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus
 killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be
 the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O, ho! do you mark that? [To the KING.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap? [*Lying down at OPHELIA's feet.*]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb show enters. Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.

[Exeunt.]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

*Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, below'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou,—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:

A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.

- P. King.* I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills and fates do so contráry run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.
- P. Queen.* Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

[To OPHELIA.]

- P. King.** 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]
- P. Queen.** Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.]
- Ham.** Madam, how like you this play?
- Queen.** The lady protests too much, methinks.
- Ham.** O, but she'll keep her word.
- King.** Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?
- Ham.** No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.
- King.** What do you call the play?
- Ham.** The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

- Oph.** You are a good chorus, my lord.
- Ham.** I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.
- Oph.** You are keen, my lord, you are keen.
- Ham.** It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.
- Oph.** Still better, and worse.
- Ham.** So you must take your husbands.—Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces and begin. Come:—*The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.*
- Luc.** Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
- [Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.]
- Ham.** He poisons him i' the garden for 's estate. His name is Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.
- Oph.** The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights! [*Exeunt all but HAM. and HOR.*]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep:

So runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,—with two Provencial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself: and now reigns here

A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a 'housand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music! come, the recorders!—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why, then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friends.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter the Players, with Recorders.

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. [*Exit POLONIUS.*]—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt ROS., GUIL., HOR., and Players.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,—
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. and Guil. We will haste us.

[Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King.

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,—
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,—
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling,—there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well.

[*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't;—and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd:—that would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
Tis heavy with him: and am I, then, reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid bent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;—
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, where it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[Exit.

[The KING rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [Within.] Mother, mother, mother!*Queen.*

I'll warrant you:

Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[POLONIUS goes behind the arras.

*Enter HAMLET.**Ham.* Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?—

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*

Dead, for a ducat, dead! [*Makes a pass through the arras.*

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain! [*Falls and dies.*

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king? [*Draws forth POLONIUS.*

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed!—almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! [*To POLONIUS.*

I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen.

Ah me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture and on this,—

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See what a grace was seated on this brow;

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A station like the herald Mercury

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man:

This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:

Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten on this moor? Hal have you eyes?

You cannot call it love; for at your age

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,

Else could you not have motion: but sure that sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd

But it reserv'd some quantity of choice

To serve in such a difference. What devil was't

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul,—
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,—
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,

And live the purer with the other half.
 Good-night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,
 Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,—
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock or livery
 That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And either curb the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good-night:
 And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
 I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord

[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.]

I do repent: but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again, good-night.—
 I must be cruel only to be kind:
 Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.—
 One word more, good lady.

Queen.

What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck, with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
 For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,—
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard: and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—
Mother, good-night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—
Good-night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAM. dragging out POL.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*To ROS. and GUIL., who go out.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat, a rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King.

O heavy deed!

It had been so with us had we been there:
 His liberty is full of threats to all;
 To you yourself, to us, to every one.
 Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
 It will be laid to us, whose providence
 Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
 This mad young man: but so much was our love,
 We would not understand what was most fit;
 But, like the owner of a foul disease,
 To keep it from divulging, let it feed
 Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
 Among a mineral of metals base,
 Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
 But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
 We must, with all our majesty and skill,
 Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
 Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
 And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
 Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
 Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
 And let them know both what we mean to do
 And what's untimely done: so haply slander,—
 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
 As level as the cannon to his blank,
 Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
 And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
 My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Castle.**Enter HAMLET.**Ham.* Safely stowed.*Ros. and Guil.* [Within.] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!*Ham.* What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides,
to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be
made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards,
his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in
the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw;
first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you
have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall
be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us
to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body.
The king is a thing,—

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service,—two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go see him there. *[To some Attendants.]*

Ham. He will stay till ye come. *[Exeunt Attendants.]*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good!

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.—But come; for England!—
Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and
wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.—Come, for England!
[*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:

Away! for everything is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—

As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process; which imports at full,

By letters conjuring to that effect,

The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,

Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces marching.

For. Go captain, from me greet the Danish king:

Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras

Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march

Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

If that his majesty would aught with us,

We shall express our duty in his eye,

And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exeunt FOR. and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God b' wi' you, sir.

[*Exit.*

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET.*

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,

Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [Exit.]

SCENE V.—ELSIKORE. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's trick i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [Exit HORATIO.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in feating to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. How should I your true love know [Sings.
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady, [Sings.
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow, [Sings.
Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers; [Sings.
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day [Sings.
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

By Gis and by Saint Charity, [Sings.
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach!—Good-night, ladies; good-night, sweet ladies; good-night, good-night. *[Exit.]*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.

[Exit HORATIO.]

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddled,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France;
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear:
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. *[A noise within.]*

Queen.

Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? let them guard the door.

Enter a Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,

O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke.

[*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Dapes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,

Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude:—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation:—to this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey no nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And on his grave rain'd many a tear,—

[*Sings.*

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down, a-down, as you call him a-down-a.*

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness,—thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays:—O, you must wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died:—they say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

[Sings.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph.

And will he not come again?

[Sings.

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan:

God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.—God b' wi' ye. [*Exit.*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,

To you in satisfaction; but if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to us,

And we shall jointly labour with your soul

To give it due content.

Laer.

Let this be so;

His means of death, his obscure burial,—

No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,

No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter HORATIO and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir;
it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England;
if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads.*] *Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.*

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And don't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the Castle.**Enter KING and LAERTES.*

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,—
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:

This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:

They were given me by Claudio,—he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—

Leave us.

[Exit Messenger.]

[Reads.] *High and mighty,—You shall know I am set naked
on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your
kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto,
recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.*

HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character:—*Naked,*—

And in a postscript here, he says, *alone.*

Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,—

As how should it be so? how otherwise?—

Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;

So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—

As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;

The rather if you could devise it so

That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality

Wherein they say you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father;
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much: that we would do
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing. But to the quick o' the ulcer:—
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence.
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Lacr. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Lacr. Alas, then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
 And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
 It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
 Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
 The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:
 I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
 But that this folly douts it.

[*Exit.*]

King. Let's follow, Gertrude;
 How much I had to do to calm his rage!
 Now fear I this will give it start again;
 Therefore let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Churchyard.

Enter two Clowns with spades, &c.

- 1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?
- 2 *Clo.* I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.
- 1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?
- 2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.
- 1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.
- 2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—
- 1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you that: but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.
- 2 *Clo.* But is this law?
- 1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.
- 2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman she should have been buried out of Christian burial.
- 1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian.—Come, my spade.

There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself,—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit Second Clown.]

In youth, when I did love, did love, [Digs and sing.]

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behave.

O, methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.*

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipp'd me intill the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Sings.]

[Throws up a skull.]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it,—might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clo.*

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[Sings.]

[Throws up another skull.]

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quidits now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that.
I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—

Ham. I think it be thine indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born,—he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 Clo. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying,—he

will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue; 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*]—Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[*Throws down the skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel? Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
 O, that that earth which kept the world in awe
 Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!—But soft! but
 soft! aside.—Here comes the king.

*Enter Priests, &c., in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA,
 LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?
 And with such inaimed rites? This doth betoken
 The corse they follow did with desperate hand
 Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
 Couch we awhile and mark. [Retiring with HOR.]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
 As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;
 And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
 She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
 Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
 Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her,
 Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites,
 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. No more be done:
 We should profane the service of the dead
 To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
 As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth,—
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A ministering angel shall my sister be
 When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell! [Scattering flowers.]
 I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
 I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
 And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head

Whose wickeo deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[Leaps into the grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. *[Advancing.]* What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

[Leaps into the grave.]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:

Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit.

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.— [Exit HORATIO.
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech:
[To LAERTES.

We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now let me see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal

Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
O royal knavery! an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and know of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I haü my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon,—
He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage,—is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damned
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say One.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him.
He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts,
and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but,
as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure,
I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit.

Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as't were,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember,—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.]

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and it but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant,—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is,—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses:

against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: why is this imponed, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit OSRIC.*—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he,—and many more of the same bevy, that I know the drossy age dotes on,—only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall: he

sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France I have been in continual practice: I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The KING puts LAERTES's hand into HAMLET's.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong:

But pardon't as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice and precedent of peace
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star in the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both;
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table,—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
 And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
 The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
 And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [They play.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well;—again.

King. Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
 Here's to thy health.— [Trumpets sound, and cannon shot
 off within.

Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—

Come.—Another hit; what say you? [They play.

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. [Aside.] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. [Aside.] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence:

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [They play.

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now!

[LAER. wounds HAM.; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and
 HAM. wounds LAER.]

King. Part them; they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again. {*The QUEEN falls.*}

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osrice;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—

The drink, the drink!—I am poison'd. [*Dies.*]

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good;

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd:

I can no more:—the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!—

Then venom to thy work. [*Stabs the KING.*]

Osr. and Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion.—Is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [*KING dies.*]

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—

I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest,—O, I could tell you,—

But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,—
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have't.—
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.— [*March afar off, and shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio,
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart.—Good-night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*]

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it you would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:

He never gave commandment for their death.
 But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
 You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
 Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view;
 And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
 How these things came about: so shall you hear
 Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
 Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
 Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
 Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
 And call the noblest to the audience.
 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
 I have some rights of memory in this Kingdom,
 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
 And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
 But let this same be presently perform'd,
 Even while men's minds are wild: lest more mischance
 On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
 Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage;
 For he was likely, had he been put on,
 To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
 The soldier's music and the rites of war
 Speak loudly for him.—
 Take up the bodies.—Such a sight as this
 Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
 Go, bid the soldiers shoot. *[A dead march*
{Excunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after
which a peal of ordnance is shot off.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
 EGEUS, *Father to HERMIA.*
 LYSANDER, } *in love with HERMIA.*
 DEMETRIUS, }
 PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels to*
 THESEUS.
 QUINCE, *the Carpenter.*
 SNUG, *the Joiner.*
 BOTTOM, *the Weaver.*
 FLUTE, *the Bellows-mender.*
 SNOOT, *the Tinker.*
 STARVELING, *the Tailor.*

 HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons,*
 betrothed to THESEUS.
 HERMIA, *Daughter to EGEUS, in love*
 with LYSANDER.
 HELENA, *in love with DEMETRIUS.*

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
 TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
 PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW,
 Fairy.
 PEASBLOSSOM, }
 CORWEB, } *Fairies.*
 MOTH, }
 MUSTARDSEED, }

 PYRAMUS, }
 THISBE, } *Characters in the Inter-*
 WALL, } *lude performed by*
 MOONSHINE, } *the Clowns.*
 LION, }

 Other Fairies attending their King
 and Queen.
 Attendants on THESEUS and HIP-
 POLYTA.

SCENE,—ATHENS, and a Wood not far from it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ATHENS. *A Room in the Palace of THESEUS.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
 Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
 This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
 Like to a step-dame or a dowager,
 Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
 Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow
 New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
 Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals—
 The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love doing thee injuries;
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
 Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her:—
 Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
 This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,—messengers,
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth;—
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,—
 As she is mine I may dispose of her:
 Which shall be either to this gentleman

Or to her death; according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,

For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius's;
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up,—
Which by no means we may extenuate,—
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THES., HIP., EGE., DEM., and TRAIN.]

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well

Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,

Could ever hear by tale or history,

The course of true love never did run smooth:

But either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years;—

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,

Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;

Brief as the lightning in the collied night

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!

The jaws of darkness do devour it up:

So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If, then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our trial patience,

Because it is a customary cross;

As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,

Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child:

From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;

And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;

And to that place the sharp Athenian law

Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,

Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;

And in the wood a league without the town,

Where I did meet thee once with Helena,

To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,—
By all the vows that ever man have broke,
In number more than ever woman spoke,—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place,—

Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,—
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,—
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia.

[*Exit HER.*]

Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit Lys.*]

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;

Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in a Cottage.*

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll.—Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Eracles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks,
 With shivering shocks,
 Shall break the locks
 Of prison gates:

And Phibbus' car
 Shall shine from far,
 And make and mar
 The foolish Fates.

This was lofty!—Now, name the rest of the players.—This is Eracles' vein, a tyrant's vein;—a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne.*—*Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part;—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see on a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.—But, masters, here are your parts:

and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood near Athens.*

Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale.

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander everywhere,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be:

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:

Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;

Take heed the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;

She never had so sweet a changeling:

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:

But she perforce withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy;
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress.—Would that he were gone!

SCENE II.

*Enter OBERON at one door, with his Train, and TITANIA,
at another, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: but I know

When thou hast stol'n away from fairy-land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How can'st thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravish'd?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat: and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,

That rheumatic diseases do abound:
 And thorough this distemperature we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hyem's chin and icy crown
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
 The childing autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the maz'd world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which:
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissension:
 We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it, then: it lies in you:
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy
 To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest;
 The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order:
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—
 Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
 And for her sake I do rear up her boy:
 And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away:

We shall chide downright if I longer stay.

[*Exit* TITANIA and her Train.

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove

Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her song,

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres

To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck.

I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw,—but thou couldst not,—

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal, throned by the west;

And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft

Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;

And the imperial votaress passed on,

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:

It fell upon a little western flower,—

Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,—

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid

Will make or man or woman madly dote

Upon the next live creature that it sees.

Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again

Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth

In forty minutes.

[*Exit* PUCK.

Obe. Having once this juice,

I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,

And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:

The next thing then she waking looks upon,—

Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,

On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,—

She shall pursue it with the soul of love.

And ere I take this charm off from her sight,—

As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.

Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;

For you, in my respect, are all the world:

Then how can it be said I am alone

When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger,—bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy question; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love as men may do:
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
✓ To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*]

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;

But do it when the next thing he espies
 May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove
 More fond on her than she upon her love:
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, with her Train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
 Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
 Some war with ere-mice for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
 At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I.

1 Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
 Newts and blind-worms do no wrong;
 Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby:
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
 Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So, good-night, with lullaby:

II.

2 Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here;
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
 Beetles black, approach not near;
 Worm nor snail do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:

One, aloof, stand sentinel. (*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.*)

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,

[*Squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids.*]

Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;

And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie farther off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchain'd with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—

Now much beshrew my manners and my pride
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie farther off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Hër. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be pressed! [*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe;
When thou wak'st let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay on they peril; I alone will go. [*Exit DEMETRIUS.*]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear:

Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—

But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake. [Waking.

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong,—good sooth, you do—
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd!

[Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,

Of all be hated, but the most of me!
 And, all my powers, address your love and might
 To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.
Her. [Starting.] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
 Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
 Lysander, look how I do quake with fear!
 Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
 Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! Lord!
 What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
 Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
 Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
 No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
 Either death or you I'll find immediately. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Wood. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here is a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby* that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snoot. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe you must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—“Ladies,” or “Fair Ladies! I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:”—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,*

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr.—*odours savours sweet:*

*So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—But hark, a
voicel stay thou but here awhile,*

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here! [Aside.—Exit.

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand he goes but
to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: why, you must not speak that yet: that
you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues
and all.—Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. O,—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. *If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—*

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters!
fly, masters!—Help! [Exeunt Clowns.

Puck. I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me
afear'd.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note fully many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry *cuckoo* never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou are beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here whe'r thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate,—
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me,
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peasblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter Four Fairies.

1 Fai. Ready.

2 Fai. And I.

3 Fai. And I.

4 Fai. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 Fai. Hail, mortal!

2 Fai. Hail!

3 Fai. Hail!

4 Fai. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb.
If I cut my finger I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peasblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peasblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obc. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky,
So at his sight away his fellows fly:
And at our stamp here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats: from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment,—so it came to pass,—
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me: would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him,
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more whether he be dead or no.

[*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:

Here, therefore, for awhile I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now in some light measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go, swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find:

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer,

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here;

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,—

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye!

When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.—

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,

Helena is here at hand,

And the youth mistook by me

Pleading for a lover's fee;

- Shall we their fond pageant see?
 Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
 Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one,—
 That must needs be sport alone;
 And those things do best please me
 That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

- Lys.* Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
 Scorn and derision never come in tears.
 Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
 In their nativity all truth appears.
 How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
 Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hcl. You do advance your cunning more and more.
 When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
 These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
 ✓ Weigh oath with oath and you will nothing weigh:
 Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
 Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
Hel Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
 To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
 Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
 Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
 That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
 Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
 When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
 This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hcl. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
 To set against me for your merriment.
 If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
 You would not do me thus much injury.
 Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
 But you must join in souls to mock me too?
 If you were men, as men you are in show,
 You would not use a gentle lady so;
 To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
 With your derision! None of noble sort
 Would so offend a virgin, and extort
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
 For you love Hermia: this you know I know:
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
 Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
 If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
 My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
 And now to Helen is it home return'd,
 There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
 Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
 Look where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
 The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompense.—
 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
 But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,—
 Fair Helena,—who more engilds the night
 Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
 Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know
 The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
 Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three

To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
 Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
 To bait me with this foul derision?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us,—O, is all forgot?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
 But yet a union in partition,
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
 I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not sent Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
 And made your other love, Demetrius,—
 Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
 And tender me, forsooth, affection,
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
 But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
 This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do perséver, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, sir:—he'll . . .
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow:
But yet come not. You are a tame man; go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loath'd medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her I'll not harm her so.

Her. What! can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then, you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee and love Helena.
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! What! have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What! will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me. I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia;
Did ever keep your counsels; never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;

But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no farther. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is 't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What! with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:

She was a vixen when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again! nothing but low and little!

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;

You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena;

Take not her part; for if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt Lys. and DEM.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;

My legs are longer though, to run away.

[*Exit.*]

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exit, pursuing HELENA.*]

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me I should know the man

By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprise,

That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:

And so far am I glad it so did sort,

As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

The starry welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;

And lead these testy rivals so astray,

As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;

And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;

And from each other look thou lead them thus,

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;

Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,

To take from thence all error with his might,

And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision

Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;

And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,

- With league whose date till death shall never end

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,

I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;

And then I will her charmed eye release

From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast;

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,

At whose approach ghosts, wandering here and there,

Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,

Already to their wormy beds are gone;

For fear lest day should look their shames upon

They wilfully exile themselves from light,

And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:

I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit OBE.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground. [*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak. In some bush? where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter heeled than I:

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;

That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*

For if but once thou show me thy gray light,

I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

[*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me if thou dar'st; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear.

If ever I thy face by daylight see:

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.—

By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[*Sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no farther crawl, no farther go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.

Heaven shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! [*Lies down.*]

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice in LYSANDER'S eyes.*]

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st

True delight
 In the sight
 Of thy former lady's eye:
 And the country proverb known,
 That every man should take his own,
 In your waking shall be shown:
 Jack shall have Jill;
 Nought shall go ill;
 The man shall have his mare again,
 And all shall be well.

[Exit PUCK.—DEM., HEL., &c, sleep.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending; OBERON behind, unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peasblossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peasblossom.—Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signor.—Where's Monsieur Mustardseed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustardseed.

Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle

Gently entwist,—the female ivy so

Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

OBBERON advances. Enter PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.

For, meeting her of late behind the wood,

Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,

Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,

And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,

I then did ask of her her changeling child;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy-land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp

From off the head of this Athenian swain;

That he awaking when the other do,

May all to Athens back again repair,

And think no more of this night's accidents

But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be as thou wast wont to be;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.

Titania, music call; and strike more dead

Than common sleep, of all these five, the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,

Trip we after the night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Horns sound within.*]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and Train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—

For now our observation is perform'd;

And since we have the vaward of the day,

My love shall hear the music of my bounds,—

Uncouple in the western valley; go:—
 Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
 We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
 And mark the musical confusion
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
 When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
 With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, every region near
 Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
 So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
 Crook-kneed and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
 Judge when you hear.—But, soft, what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
 And this Lysander, this Demetrius is;
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
 I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early to observe
 The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
 Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
 But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
 That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[*Horns, and shout within. DEM., LYS., HER., and HEL.,
 awake and start up.*]

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
 Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.]

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies;
 How comes this gentle concord in the world,
 That hatred is so far from jealousy
 To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

- Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
 Half 'sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
 I cannot truly say how I came here:
 But, as I think,—for truly would I speak—
 And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
 I came with Hermia hither: our intent
 Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
 Without the peril of the Athenian law.
- Ege.* Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough;
 I beg the law, the law upon his head.—
 They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
 Thereby to have defeated you and me:
- Lys.* You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
 Of my consent that she should be your wife.
- Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
 Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
 And I in fury hither follow'd them,
 Fair Helena in fancy following me.
 But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
 But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia
 Melted as doth the snow—seems to me now
 As the remembrance of an idle gawd
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
 Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
 But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.
- The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
 Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
 Egeus, I will overbear your will;
 For in the temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit.
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
 Away with us to Athens three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
 Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt THE., HIP., EGE., and Train.*]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel.
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me
That we yet sleep, we dream.—Do you not think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*]

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is,
Most fair Pyramus.—Heigh-ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the
bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my
life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare
vision. I have had a dream—past the wit of man to say what
dream it was.—Man is but an ass if he go about to expound
this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what.
Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a
patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had.
The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen;
man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his
heart to report what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince
to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's
Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the
latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it
the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—ATHENS. *A Room in QUINCE'S House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred; it goes not forward,
doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to
discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple; and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look over his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlick: for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—ATHENS. *An Apartment in the Palace of THESEUS.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
 Are of imagination all compact:
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
 That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
 Or in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush supposed a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,
 And grows to something of great constancy;
 But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
 Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
 Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
 Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
 To wear away this long age of three hours
 Between our after-supper and bed-time?
 Where is our usual manager of mirth?
 What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
 To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
 Call Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
 What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
 The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.]

The. [reads.] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

We'll none of that: that I have told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*

That is an old device, and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*The thrice-three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*

That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.*

Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself:
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more nierry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
 For never anything can be amiss
 When simpleness and duty tender it.
 Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
 And duty in his service perishing.
 Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Lisp. He says they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
 Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
 And what poor duty cannot do,
 Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
 Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much as from the rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
 In least speak most to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

Enter Prologue.

Prol. *If we offend, it is with our good will.
 That you should think we come not to offend
 But with good will. To show our simple skill,
 That is the true beginning of our end.
 Consider, then, we come but in despite.
 We do not come as minding to content you.
 Our true intent is. All for your delight
 We are not here. That you should here repent you.
 The actors are at hand: and, by their show,
 You shall know all that you are like to know.*
The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION, u. . .
dumb show.

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder:

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn

Presenteth Moonshine: for, if you will know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which by name Lion hight,

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright:

And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:

Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain;

Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain

At large discourse while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prol., THIS., LION, and MOON.*]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall

That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:

And such a wall as I would have you think

That had in it a crannied hole or chink,

Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
[*WALL holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me* is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones:
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love! thou art my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace:
And like Limander am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;

And, being done, thus wall away doth go.

[*Exeunt WALL, PYR., and THIS.*]

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Snug, the joiner, am

A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:

For if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present:

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present;

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. Oh! [The LION roars.—THISBE runs off.]

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused, lion.

[The LION tears THISBE's mantle and exit.]

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the lion vanishes.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

But stay;—O spite!

But mark,—poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What! stained with blood?

Approach, ye furies fell!
 O fates! come, come;
 Cut thread and thrum;
 Quail, rush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus:

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:—

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light!

Moon, take thy flight!

Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.—Exit MOONSHINE.*]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.—

This. Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise,

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
 Dead, dead? A tomb
 Must cover thy sweet eyes.
 These lily brows,
 This cherry nose,
 These yellow cowslip cheeks,
 Are gone, are gone:
 Lovers, make moan!
 His eyes were green as leeks.
 O Sisters Three,
 Come, come to me,
 With hands as pale as milk;
 Lay them in gore,
 Since you have shore
 With shears his thread of silk.
 Tongue, not a word:—
 Come, trusty sword;
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
 And farewell, friends:—
 Thus Thisby ends:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[Dies.]

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers.
 Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask
 dance between two of our company.

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse.
 Never excuse; for when the players are all dead there need
 none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyra-
 mus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have
 been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably dis-
 charged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[Here a dance of CLOWNS.]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
 Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
 I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have overwetch'd.
 This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
 The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revels and new jollity.

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch-ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth its sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.

Obe. Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier:
And this ditty, after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each words a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG AND DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray,
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create

Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gate;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Trip away:

Make no stay:

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Excunt OBE., TITA., and Train.*]

Puck.

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this—and all is mended—
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

[*Exit.*]

MACBETH

MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, }
DONALBAIN, } *his Sons.*

MACBETH, } *Generals of the King's*
BANQUO, } *Army.*

MACDUFF, }
LENNOX, }
ROSS, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
MENTITH, }

ANGUS,

CAITHNESS,

FLEANCE, *Son to BANQUO.*

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland,*
General of the English Forces.

YOUNG SIWARD, *his Son.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on MAC-*
BETH.

BOY, *Son to MACDUFF.*

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on LADY
MACBETH.

HECATE, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers,
Murderers, Attendants, and
Messengers.

*The Ghost of BANQUO, and several
other Apparitions.*

SCENE,—*In the end of the Fourth Act, in ENGLAND; through the
rest of the Play, in SCOTLAND; and chiefly at MACBETH's Castle.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls:—anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches *vanish*.

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald,—
Worthy to be a rebel—for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him,—from the Western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,

With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—

But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

Enter Ross.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky.
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

Sveno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes-inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom interest:—go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap.

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd --*Give me,*
quoth I:

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary seven-nights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about:
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again, to make up nine:—
 Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these,
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on 't?—Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her chappy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips:—you should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—what are you?

1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace and great prediction
 Of noble having and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
 Your favours nor your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
 By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;
 But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches *vanish*.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
 And these are them:—whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
 As breath into the wind.—Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
 Or have we eaten on the insane root
 That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success: and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend
 Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as hail
 Came post with post; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
 For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
 In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind [*aside*].—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme [*aside*].—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting [*Aside*.
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*.] If chance will have me king, why, chance may
crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—FORRES. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX
and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that has been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now

Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo,—he is full so valiant;
 And in his commendations I am fed,—
 It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
 It is a peerless kinsman. *[Flourish. Excunt.]*

SCENE V.—INVERNESS. *A Room in MACBETH's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I have learned
 by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal
 knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them fur-
 ther, they made themselves air, into which they vanished.
 Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from
 the king, who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title,
 before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the
 coming on of time, with Hail, king that shalt be! This have I
 thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness;
 that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ig-
 norant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart,
 and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
 To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
 Art not without ambition; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
 That wouldst thou holily, wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
 That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it:*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wisest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true:—our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*]

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters:—to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
 Must be provided for: and you shall put
 This night's great business into my despatch;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;

To alter favour ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants of MACBETH attending.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MAC-
 DUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
 By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
 Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
 His pendant bed and procreant cradle:
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
 The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!—
 The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
 Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
 How you shall bid God ild us for your pains,
 And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service.
 In every point twice done, and then done double,
 Were poor and single business to contend
 Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
 Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
 And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
 We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
 We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose

To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him
 To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
 To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
 Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
 Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
 And shall continue our graces towards him.
 By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Lobby in the Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over, a Sewer, and divers
 Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.*

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly. If the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business;
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—INVERNESS. *Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO, preceded by FLEANCE with a torch.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword,—There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out:—take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep:—merciful powers,
Restrain me in the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.
Who's there?

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters;
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you!

[Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE.]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. *[Exit Servant.]*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one-half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my whereabout,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold:
 What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark!—
 Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
 The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their
 possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
 And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
 Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
 He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband!

Re-enter MACBETH

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried *Murder!*

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen*,

When they did say, *God bless us*.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, *Amen*?

I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*

Macbeth does murder sleep,—the innocent sleep;

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:

Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more,—Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthythane,

You do unbend your noble strength to think

So brainsickly of things.—Go get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a
knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking within.*] Hark! more
knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
[*Knocking within.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-
gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking.*]
Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?

Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, i' the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor, here you may roast your goose.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and it unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call.

For 'tis my limited service.

[*Exit MACDUFF*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb., Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX.*]

Awake! awake!—

Ring the alarum-bell:—murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see

The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
 To countenance this horror! [*Alarum-bell rings.*]

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
 The repetition, in a woman's ear,
 Would murder as it fell.

Re-enter BANQUO

O Banquo, Banquo!
 Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
 What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.—
 Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
 And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
 I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in mortality:
 All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
 Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
 So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
 Upon their pillows:
 They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
 Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, hol

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—
[LADY MACBETH is carried out.]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow in an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland I; our separated fortune
 Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
 There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
 The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
 Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
 Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
 But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
 Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Without the Castle.*

Enter Ross and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
 Within the volume of which time I have seen
 Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
 Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
 Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp;
 Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
 When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
 A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses,—a thing most strange and certain,—
 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
 War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
 That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd.

Why, see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:

Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,—adieu!—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—FORRES. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO

Ban. Thou hast it now,—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't; yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH as King; LADY MACBETH as Queen; LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice,—
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,—
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.—

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

[*Exeunt LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*]

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. *[Exit Attendant.]*

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus:—our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might

To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say, *Thus did Banquo*.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could

With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
 That I to your assistance do make love;
 Masking the business from the common eye
 For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
 I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
 The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
 And something from the palace; always thought
 That I require a clearness: and with him,—
 To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,—
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
 I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,

If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
 For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will

[*Exit.*]

Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,

Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M.

What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.—
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill;
So, pr'ythee, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.*

Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.*

Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.*

Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.*

Then 'tis he: the rest

That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.*

His horses go about.

3 *Mur.*

Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

2 *Mur.*

A light, a light!

3 *Mur.*

'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

- 1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*Assaults BANQUO*
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
 Thou mayst revenge.—O slave! [*Dies.* FLEANCE escapes.
 3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
 1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?
 3 *Mur.* There's but one down: the son is fled.
 2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
 1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*
A Banquet prepared.

Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
 And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
 And play the humble host.
 Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
 We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
 For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.—
 Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
 The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
 Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
 That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
 Thou are the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
 Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
 Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
 As broad and general as the casing air:

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit?

[The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in MACBETH's place.]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him

You shall offend him, and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,—
Impostors to true fear,—would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—

If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites.

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end; but now they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools: this is more strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;

Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill full.—

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Ghost rises again.

Macb. A vault! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost disappears.*]

Why, so;—being gone,

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good-night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good-night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and everything beside.

I am for the air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
 And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprites,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion:
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
 And you all know, security
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

[*Music and song within: Come away, come away &c.*]

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,

Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—FORRES. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENNOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret further: only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
 And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
 Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
 To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
 How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
 To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well: and I do think,
 That had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
 As, an't please heaven, he shall not,—they should find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
 But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
 That, by the help of these,—with Him above
 To ratify the work,—we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,—
 All which we pipe for now: and this report
 Hath so exasperate the king that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I*,
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums, as who should say, *You'll rue the time
 That clogs me with this answer.*

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England, and unfold
 His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country
 Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron Boiling.*

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harpier cries:—'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw,—
Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,—
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,

Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk; and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangl'd babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,—
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;

And every one shall share i' the gains.

And now about the caldron sing,

Like elves and fairies in a ring,

Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.

[*Exit* HECATE.]

- 2 *Witch*. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,—
Howe'er you come to know it,—answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch*. Speak.

2 *Witch*. Demand.

3 *Witch*. We'll answer.

1 *Witch*. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

1 *Witch*. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweeten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch*. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the Thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—but one word more,—

1 Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn.

The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned,
with a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be:

Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thnig: tell me,—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
 Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this? [*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show!

2 *Witch.* Show!

3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
 Come like shadows, so depart!

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over in order, the last with a glass
 in his hand; BANQUO following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
 Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—and thy hair,
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
 A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
 Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
 What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
 Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
 Which shows me many more; and some I see
 That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:
 Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
 For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—but why
 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
 And show the best of our delights;
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your antic round;
 That this great king may kindly say,
 Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
 Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
 Come in, without there.

Enter LENNOX

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—FIFE. *A Room in MACDUFF's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.

Lady Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:

I take my leave at once.

[*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;

And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,
The pit-fall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and
swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. *[Exit.]*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

1 Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

1 Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain.

1 Mur. What, you egg? *[Stabbing him.]*

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you! *[Dies.]*

*[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying Murder,
and pursued by the Murderers.]*

SCENE III.—ENGLAND. *Before the KING's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our bosoms empty.

Macd.

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men,
 Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
 New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
 Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
 As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
 Like syllable of dolour.

Mal.

What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe; and what I can redress,
 As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
 What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
 This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
 Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
 He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
 You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
 To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
 To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.*Mal.*

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
 In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
 That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
 Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
 Yet grace must still look so.

Macd.

I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child—
 Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,—
 Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties:—you may be rightly just,
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
 Thy title is affeer'd.—Fare thee well, lord:
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
 And the rich East to boot.

Mal.

Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this there grows,
 In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
 A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
 Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
 And my more-having would be as a sauce
 To make me hunger more; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
 Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
 Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
 Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
 Of your mere own: all these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them; but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:

I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
 No, not to live!—O nation miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
 And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived. Fare-thee-well!
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
 Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,
 Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself:—what I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis called the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,

The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of grace.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter Ross.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
 The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country,—

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
 Where sighs, and groans, and shieks, that rent the air,
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What 's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;

Each minute teems a new one

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
 Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eye,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself,
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king, our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—DUNSINANE. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no
truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise
from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her
closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, after-

wards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature,—to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching!—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you, here she comes!

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sign is there! The heart is solely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.—
God, God forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—so, good-night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
 Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
 Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
 He cannot buckle his distemper'd course
 Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
 His secret murders sticking on his hands;
 Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
 Those he commands move only in command,
 Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
 Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who, then, shall blame
 His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
 When all that is within him does condemn
 Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
 To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
 Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
 And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
 Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
 To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
 Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—DUNSINANE. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
 Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
 I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
 Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
 All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus,—
Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Then fly, false thanes,
 And mingle with the English epicures:
 The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
 Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
 Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.]

✓ *Seyton!*—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear —Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Sw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.—DUNSINANE. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*]

What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [*Striking him.*]

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;*—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF,
&c., and their Army, with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,

Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,

I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note
 Seems bruided. Let me find him, fortune!
 And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarums.]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd:
 The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
 The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
 The day almost itself professes yours,
 And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes

That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarums.]

SCENE VIII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why, should I play the Roman fool, and die
 On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
 Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
 But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
 With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,—
 My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
 Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.]

Macb. Thou lovest labour:

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
 With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
 And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so
 For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
 And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope!—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough!*
[Exeunt, fighting.]

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old
SIRWARD, ROSS, LENNOX, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, MENTITH, and
Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Sir. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Sir. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sir. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Sir. Why, then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And, so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Sir. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,—
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

AS YOU LIKE IT

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUKE, *living in exile.*

FREDERICK, *Brother to the DUKE, and
Usurper of his Dominions.*

AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon the*
JAQUES, } *DUKE in his Banishment.*

LE BEAU, & Courtier attending upon
FREDERICK.

CHARLES, *his Wrestler.*

OLIVER, } *Sons of SIR ROWLAND DE*
JAQUES, } *BOIS.*
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, } *Servants to OLIVER.*
DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a Vicar.*

CORIN, } *Shepherds.*
SILVIUS, }

WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love
with AUDREY.*

A Person representing HYMEN.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished
DUKE.*

CELIA, *Daughter to FREDERICK.*

PHOEBE, *a Shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

*Lords belonging to the two Dukas;
Pages, Foresters, and other
Attendants*

*The SCENE lies first near OLIVER's House; afterwards partly in the
Usurper's Court and partly in the Forest of Arden.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard near OLIVER's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an

ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. (Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me;) he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

[*ADAM retires.*]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother: and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: (I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.)

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois: he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother I would not

take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in [*Exit DENNIS.*].—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion: I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. (I speak but brotherly

of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.)

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he comes to-morrow I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship! *[Exit.]*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the DUKE'S Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee; if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will: and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man

in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.)

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. (Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.)

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay; now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Cel. (No; when nature hath made a fair creature may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?)

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. (Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.)

Cel. (Peradventure this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's, who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?)

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught; now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good: and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he

had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him: you'll be whipp'd for taxation one of these days.

Touch. (The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.)

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.) Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau. What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.)

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou loosest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence, with hills on their necks,—

Ros. *Be it known unto all men by these presents,—*)

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor

old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege: so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. [DUKE F. goes apart.]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make fit our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts: wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me: the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No; I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.
[CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.
[CHARLES is thrown. Shout.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES is borne out.]

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt DUKE F., TRAIN, and LE BEAU.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Ori. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Ori. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would.—D'it you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Ori. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown:
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.)

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd

High commendation, true applause, and love,
 Yet such is now the duke's condition,
 That he misconstrues all that you have done.
 The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
 More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and pray you, tell me this;
 Which of the two was daughter of the duke
 That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners; —
 But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter:
 The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
 And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
 To keep his daughter company; whose loves
 Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
 But I can tell you that of late this duke
 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
 Grounded upon no other argument
 But that the people praise her for her virtues
 And pity her for her good father's sake;
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
 Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well!
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well! [*Exit LE BEAU.*
 Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
 From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
 But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs,
 throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be
 lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child. O, how full of briers is
 this working-day world!

Col. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths our very petticoats will catch them.)

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Col. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Col. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Col. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Col. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Col. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

Col. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;

J. C. (If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—)
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;

So was I when your highness banish'd him:

Treason is not inherited, my lord:

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor!

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for your sake,

Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;

It was your pleasure, and your own remorse:

I was too young that time to value her;

But now I know her: if she be a traitor,

Why so am I: we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,

Still we went coupled and inseparable.)

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her;—she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,

And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt DUKE F. and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel.

Thou hast not, cousin;

Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not the duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

- Ros.* That he hath not.
- Cel.* No! hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
- Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?
- Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
- Ros.* Alas! what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
- Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.
- Ros.* Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and,—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
- Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
- Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And, therefore, look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
- Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
- Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
- Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
• And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way.

To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,—
The seasons' difference: as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.)
(Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.)
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

¹ *Lord.* Indeed, my lord, ²

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
 Did he not moralize the spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similies.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
*(Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much: then, being there alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
 'Tis right, quoth he; thus misery doth part
 The flux of company: anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him; Ay, quoth Jaques,
 Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.*

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown; at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
'To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before OLIVER'S House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master?—O, my gentle master!

O, my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prizer of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?

(No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
 Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives:
 Your brother,—no, no brother; yet the son—
 Yet not the son; I will not call him son—
 Of him I was about to call his father,—
 Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you used to lie.
 And you within it: if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off;
 I overheard him and his practices.
 This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
 Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?
 This I must do, or know not what to do:
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can:
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
 (The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown;
 Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
 All this I give you. Let me be your servant;
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
(Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry;)
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. \

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a shepherdess,
and TOUCHSTONE.*

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Ccl. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no farther.

Touch. (For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.)

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Res. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you, who comes here? a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst now guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so,—
Now many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit SILVIUS.*]

Res. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapp'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* (We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.)

Res. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Res. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine: but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say.—

Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair, sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale; and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:

Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

AS YOU LIKE IT

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.**Enter AMIENS, JAKUES, and others.*

SONG.

Ami Under the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more.*Ami.* My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing. Come, more: another stanza: call you them stanzas?*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.) Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while: the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.

Ami. What's that *ducadame*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.)

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no farther: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable: hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerily: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner if there live anything in this desert. Cheerily, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Forest.*

A Table set.

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

- 1 *Lord*. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
 Here was he merry, hearing of a song.
Duke S. (If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
 We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.)
 Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.
 1 *Lord*. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter JAQUES.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
 That your poor friends must woo your company?
 What! you look merrily.

Jaq. (A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
 A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
 As I do live by food, I met a fool,
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
 In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
*Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,
 Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.*
 And then he drew a dial from his poke,
 And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
(And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.) When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep contemplative;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
 A worthy fool!—Motley's the only wear.)

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier,
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
 After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
 With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms.)—O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit,
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church:
(He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.)
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,—
Thinking that I mean him,—but therein suits
His folly to the metal of my speech?

There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
 Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
 Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress:

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
 Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
 And know some nurture. But forbear, I say;
 He dies that touches any of this fruit
 Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
 I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? your gentleness shall force
 More than your force move us to gentleness.)

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
 I thought that all things had been savage here;
 And therefore put I on the countenance
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
 If ever you have look'd on better days,
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
 If ever sat at any good man's feast,
 If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
 And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
 And have with holly bell been knoll'd to church,

And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!

[*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy;
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. (At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.) (And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part.) (The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.)

Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
 And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
 Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS sings.

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,—
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness

Most truly limn'd and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is;
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother wheresoe'er he is:
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors,
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,

That every eye which in this forest looks

Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree,

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.)

[Exit.

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun: that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope, -

Touch. Truly, thou art damned; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: a better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: a more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. (Most shallow man! thou wormsmeat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar,—the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.)

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.)

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros.

From the east to western Ind.
No jewel I like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. (I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: It is the right butter-woman's rank to market.)

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
 Let him seek out Rosalind.
 If the cat will after kind,
 So, be sure, will Rosalind.
 Winter garments must be lin'd,
 So must slender Rosalind.
 They that reap must sheaf and bind,—
 Then to cart with Rosalind.
 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
 Such a nut is Rosalind.
 He that sweetest rose will find
 Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside!

Cel.

(Why should this a desert be?
 For it is unpeopled? No;
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil sayings show:
 Some, how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage,
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age.
 Some, of violated vows
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
 But upon the fairest boughs,
 Or at every sentence' end,
 Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know
 The quintessence of every sprite;
 Heaven would in little show,
 Therefore heaven nature charg'd
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide enlarg'd:
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
 Cleopatra's majesty;
 Atalanta's better part;
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devis'd,
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest priz'd.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back, friends;—shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.)

[*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCH.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree: I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.)

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ras. I pray thee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ras. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ras. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Ras. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ras. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ras. Why, God will send more if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ras. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ras. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ras. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.)

Ras. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. (It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him. [*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*]

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. (You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.)

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit JAQ.—CEL. and ROS. come forward.*]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there's no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I will tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.)

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancymonger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not: but I pardon you for that; for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's

revenue:—then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness; which, was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook nearly monastic. (And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.)

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Res. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Res. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go?
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAKES at a distance observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple features content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. (I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house.) [Aside.]

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly: for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool! [Aside.]

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

[*Aside.*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Ever to poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master *What-ye-call't*: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir:—nay; pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot: then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aside.*

Jaq. Go thou with me and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver!—Not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee;

But,—

Wind away,—
Begone I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQ., TOUCH., and AUD.]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall
flout me out of my calling. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do
not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's
own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's
sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity
is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes
not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pickpurse nor a horse-stealer; but for
his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered
goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke, your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck

But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your
mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary

Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life,
 I think she means to tangle my eyes too!—
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer man
 Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
 'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters her;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper
 Than any of her lineaments can show her;—
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
 Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
 So take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together:
 I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with
 my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning
 looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon
 me?

Phe. For no ill-will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falser than vows made in wine:
 Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
 'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.—
 Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
 Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud; though all the world could see,
 None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
 Come to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROS., CEL., and COR.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;

Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: lose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.)

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well; but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

(It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.)
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near
 To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
 I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
 For what had he to do to chide at me?
 He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
 And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
 I marvel why I answer'd not again:
 But that's all one; omittance is not quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight,
 The matter's in my head and in my heart:
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
 Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAUQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows,
 and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than
 drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation;
 nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's,
 which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the
 lawyer's which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the
 lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own,
 compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects:
 and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which
 my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I
 fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to
 have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and
 poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you. an you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [*Exit JAQUES.*] Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover!—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of a thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail!

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be belolden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good

orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking,—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and 'here begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer-night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—*Will you, Orlando,—*

Cel. Go to:—*Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?*

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind; for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:—there's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thoughts run before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and it will out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu!

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu! *[Exit ORLANDO.]*

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: ~~my affection hath an unknown bottom~~, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

2. His leather skin and horns to wear.

1. Then sing him home:

[The rest shall bear this burden.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

1. Thy father's father wore it;

2. And thy father bore it:

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—

My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

I know not the contents; but, as I guess

By the stern brow and waspish action

Which she did use as she was writing of it,

It bears an angry tenor: pardon me,

I am but as a guiltless messenger.

[Giving a letter.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:

She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;

She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as Phoenix. Od's my will!

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:

Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter:
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style;
A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes. [*Reads.*]

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—

Meaning me a beast.—

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me I did love;

How then might your prayers move?
 He that brings this love to thee
 Little knows this love in me:
 And by him seal up thy mind;
 Whether that thy youth and kind
 Will the faithful offer take
 Of me, and all that I can make;
 Or else by him my love deny,
 And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! Not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her,—for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,—and say this to her;—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit SILVUS.]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know
 Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
 A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
 The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
 Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
 But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
 There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
 Then should I know you by description;
 Such garments, and such years. *The boy is fair,
 Of female favour, and bestows himself
 Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
 And browner than her brother.* Are not you
 The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
 And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
 He sends this bloody napkin:—are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

- Oli.* Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.
- Cal.* I pray you, tell it.
- Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who, with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay crouching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
- Cal.* O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.
- Oli.* And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
- Ros.* But, to Orlando:—did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
- Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
- Cal.* Are you his brother?
- Ros.* Was it you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love,
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd-youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

[*ROSALIND faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—you a man?—

You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards.—
Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext.
But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my trot, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so-so.

Touch. So-so is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me:—to have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman,—which together is abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oliv. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say, with her,

that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all his contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

[*Exit.*]

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher.

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—nay, 'tis true: 'here was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame*: for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind? *Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then,—for now I speak to some purpose,—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say

I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her:—I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and obedience,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To ROSALIND.*]

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To PHEBE.*]

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speak too,—*Why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you [*to SILVIUS*] if I can:—I would love you [*to PHEBE*] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you [*to PHEBE*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you [*to ORLANDO*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you [*to SILVIUS*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*to ORLANDO*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*to SILVIUS*] love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In the spring time, &c.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 How that a life was but a flower
 In the spring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 For love is crowned with the prime
 In the spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter
 in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a
 foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices!
 Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, JAKES, ORLANDO,
 OLIVER, and CELIA.*

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
 Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not;
 As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—
 You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [To the DUKE.
 You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say you will have her, when I bring her?
 [To ORLANDO.

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say you'll marry me if I be willing? [To PHEBE.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
 You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will? [To SILVIUS.

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
 Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
 You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;—
 Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
 Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
 Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her
 If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
 To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
 Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
 Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
 And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
 Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
 Whom he reports to be a great magician,
 Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Jag. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are
 coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts,
 which in all tongues are called fools.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jag. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded
 gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been
 a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so, to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no farther than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords and parted?

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print by the book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the *Retort courteous*; the second, the *Quip modest*; the third, the *Reply churlish*; the fourth, the *Reproof valiant*; the fifth, the

Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker:—much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes; and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [To DUKE S.
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [To ORLANDO.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why, then, my love, adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:— [To DUKE S.

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [To ORLANDO.

Nor e'er wed woman, if you be not she. [To PHEBE.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.

You and you are heart in heart:

[To OLIVER and CELIA.

You to his love must accord,

[To PHEBE.

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning,

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock, then, be honoured;

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

[To SILVIUS.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two;

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here, and put him to the sword:

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;

Where, meeting with an old religious man,

After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprise and from the world;

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

And all their lands restored to them again

That were with him exil'd. This to be true

I do engage my life.

Duke S.

Welcome, young man:

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:—
Play, music!—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath; [To *DUKE S.*
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:—
You [*to ORLANDO*] to a love that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*to OLIVER*] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*to SILVIUS*] to a long and well-deserved bed:—
And you [*to TOUCHSTONE*] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd.—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [A dance.]

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue nor

cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS OF
EPHESUS, } *Twin Brothers,*
ANTIPHOLUS OF } *and sons to ÆGEON and ÆMILIA,*
SYRACUSE, } *but unknown to each other.*

DROMIO OF EPHESUS, } *Twin Brothers,*
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, } *and Attendants on the two ANTIPHOLUSES.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, *Friend to ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.*

PINCH, *a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to ÆGEON, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *Wife to ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS.*

LUCIANA, *her Sister.*

LUCE, *her Servant.*

A Courtesan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;

I am not partial to infringe our laws:

The enmity and discord which of late

Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke

To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—

Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,

Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—

Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,

If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,—
Again, if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.—
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks:
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort,—when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable!
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,
And he,—great care of goods at random left,—
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself,—almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,—
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There she had not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;

And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those,—for their parents were exceeding poor,—
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon!
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discover'd
Two ships from far making amain to us,—

Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!—
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay: forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock,
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
✓ Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
✓ With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, and importun'd me
That his attendant,—for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
✓ Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;

Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that or any place that harbours men.

✓ But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus:
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend.
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.—
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn;

For with long travel I am stiff and weary.—
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit DROMIO S.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you until bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit Merchant.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

✓ I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, failing there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell—
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop—in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

- Dro. E.* O,—sixpence that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.
- Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
- Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post:
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.
- Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
- Dro. E.* To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me!
- Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
- Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stay for you.
- Ant. S.* Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money:
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd;
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
- Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
- Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?
- Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.
- Ant. S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
- Dro. E.* What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands:
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [Exit DROMIO E.]
- Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.

They say this town is full of cozenage;
 As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
 Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
 Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
 Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
 And many such-like liberties of sin:
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
 I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
 I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

- Adr.* Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
 Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
- Luc.* Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
 And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
 Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
 A man is master of his liberty;
 Time is their master; and, when they see time,
 They'll go or come. If so, be patient, sister.
- Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more?
- Luc.* Because their business still lies out o' door.
- Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
- Luc.* O, know he is the bridle of your will.
- Adr.* There's none but asses will be bridled so.
- Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
 There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
 But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky:
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
 Are their males' subject, and at their controls:
 Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
 Lords of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,
 Indued with intellectual sense and souls
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
 Are masters to their females, and their lords:
 Then let your will attend on their accords.
- Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause:

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me:

But if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try:—

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?

It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark-mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Will you come home? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold*, quoth he:

My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress*;

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress:
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again! and be new beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience low'reth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures: my decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair;
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still

That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and, weeping, die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The same.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.*

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
By computation and mine host's report
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?
Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?
Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half-an-hour since.
Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.
Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.
Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.
Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[Beating him.]
Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and ensconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders.—But, I pray sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore,—

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something.—But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time:

There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and, therefore, to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion:

But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown;

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was, once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
 That thou art then estranged from thyself?
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
 That undividable, incorporate,
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
 For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick
 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou canst; and, therefore, see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town as to your talk;
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
 When were you wont to use my sister thus?
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
 That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
 Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compác.?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus, then, call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be

But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,

Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.—

Come, sir, to dinner;—Dromio, keep the gate:—

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:—

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—

Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?

I'll say as they say, and perséver so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your mate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, DROMIO OF EPHEBUS,
ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all.

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:

Say that I linger'd with you at your shop

To see the making of her carcanet,

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.

But here's a villain that would face me down.

He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,

And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;

And that I did deny my wife and house:—

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:

That you beat me at the mart I have your hand to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar; pray God, our cheer
May answer my good-will and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest.
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft; my door is lock'd: go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen!

Dro. S. [Within.] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore! for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name
for an ass.

Luce. [Within.] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh;—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems thou wantest breaking; out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much out upon thee: I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so:
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife,—but, I protest, without desert,—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home
And fetch the chain: by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow,—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.**Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.*

- Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
 Bear a fair presence though your heart be tainted;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
 Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
 What simple thief brags of his own attain?
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
 And let her read it in thy looks at board:—
 Shame hath a bastard-fame, well managed;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
 Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us:
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
- Ant. S.* Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
 Nor by what wonder do you hit on mine,—
 Less, in your knowledge and your grace, you show not
 Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
 To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?
 Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.
 But if that I am I, then well I know
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
 And, in that glorious supposition, think
 He gains by death that hath such means to die:—
 Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
 My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife;

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O soft, sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Exit LUCIANA.*]

*Enter from the House of ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS,
 DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and beside myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how beside thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, beside myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse: and she would have me as a beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean?—a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe; but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three-quarters, that is an ell and three-quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America—the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia,—the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low.—To conclude, this drudge or diviner laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

[*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain;

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the street he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage;
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, and DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of doors by day.—

But, soft; I see the goldsmith: get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!

[Exit DROMIO.]

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chained together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which does amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnished with the present money
Besides I have some business in the town:
Good Signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well sir, I will: have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me: the chain,—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now:
Either send the chain or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it

- Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
- Ant. E.* I answer you! What should I answer you?
- Ang.* The money that you owe me for the chain.
- Ant. E.* I owe you none till I receive the chain.
- Ang.* You know I gave it you half-an-hour since.
- Ant. E.* You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
- Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
- Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
- Off.* I do, and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
- Ang.* This touches me in reputation:
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
- Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
- Ang.* Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer:—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
- Off.* I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
- Ant. E.* I do obey thee till I give thee bail:—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
- Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

- Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
- Ant. E.* How now! a madman? Why, thou peevish sneep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
- Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
- Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to listen with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt MER., ANG., Off., and ANT. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had him in no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still:

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, ashapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk, the purse: sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf—nay worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell:
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in the
desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at, [*Exit LUCIANA.*]
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very
fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!
Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit my comfort and my injury.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.'

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.
What, have you got the picture of Old Adam new apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on

decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir,—the sergeant of the band: he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;

And here we wander in illusions:

✓ Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:

Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse—she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes that the wenches say, *God damn me*—that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn: come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do; expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd,

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reason that I gather he is mad,—
Besides this present instance of his rage,—
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: this course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man: I think he brings the money.
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass indeed: you may prove it by my long errors. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows: when I am cold he heats me with beating; when I am warm he cools me with beating. I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders as a beggar wont her brat; and I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with PINCH and others.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did: the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might,
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?—
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;

And art confederate with a damned pack,

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:

But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,

That would behold me in this shameful sport.

[PINCH and Assistants bind ANT. E. and DRO. E.]

Adr. O, bind him, bind him; let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,

Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt* PINCH and Assistants, with ANT. E. and DRO. E.]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: what is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is?
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, with his rapier drawn, and
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords: let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt Off., ADR., and LUC.*]

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm:
you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are
such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh
that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay
here still and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town:
Therefore away to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But I protest he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir;
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had: I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare and do defy thee for a villain. *[They draw.]*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad:

Some get within him, take his sword away:

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house.

This is some priory;—in, or we are spoil'd.

[Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. to the Priory.]

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,

And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him off from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing:
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,—
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,—
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of's wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Will I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit Abbess.*]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,

Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, attended; ÆGEON, bare-headed; with the Headsman
and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them:
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—

Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me:
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself.
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true:
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you: [*Cry within.*]
Hark, hark, I hear him; mistress, fly; be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you
That he is borne about invisible.
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke; oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life: even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor, heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates: along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch:
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,

And with no face, as 'twere outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. What an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been:
If he were mad he would not plead so coldly:—

You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither:

I think you are all mated, or stark mad. [*Exit an Attendant*]

Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;

Haply, I see a friend will save my life,

And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir; but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses,—I cannot err,—
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS SYRACUSAN and DROMIO SYRACUSAN

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[All gather to see him.]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master, who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds.

And gain a husband by his liberty.—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:

If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up:
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right;
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet she did call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir: I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir: I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; nor till this present hour
My heavy burdens are delivered:—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, Abb., ÆGE., Cour., Mer., ANG., and Attendants.]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us: we'll look to that anon:

Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. and E., ADR. and LUC.]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother:

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*]

VENUS AND ADONIS

VENUS AND ADONIS

'Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia Plena ministret aqua.'—OVID.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn;
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

VENUS AND ADONIS

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set I 'll smother thee with kisses;

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a full disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimble she fastens; (O how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks:
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
 He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss;
 What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
 And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
 So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fastened in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes;
 Rain added to a river that is rank,
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy pale;
 Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
 Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
 And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn:
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
 'O, pity,' 'gañ she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!
 'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar:
 Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
 And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest,
 Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
 O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red.)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
 Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies:
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night:
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
 Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
 But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie!
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn to night, even where I list to sport me:
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
 That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

VENUS AND ADONIS

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
 Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
 Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
 Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
 And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
 Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
 Seed spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty,
 Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
 Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
 By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
 That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
 And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
 In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
 For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
 And Titan, 'tired in the mid-day heat,
 With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
 Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
 So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
 And with a heavy, dark disliking eye,
 His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
 Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
 Souring his cheeks, cries, 'Fie, no more of love!
 The sun doth burn my face, I must remove.'

'Ah me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind!
 What bare excuses mak'st thou to begone!
 I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
 Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
 I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs,
 If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:
 And were I not immortal, life were done,
 Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
 O had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
 She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss;
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
 Give me one kiss, I 'll give it thee again,
 And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
 Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
 For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
 And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here,
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
 I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
 Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,
 Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
 To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;
 Thou'lt be my deer, since I am such a park;
 No dog shall rouse thee, tho' a thousand bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
 Foreknowing well if there he came to lye,
 Why there Love liv'd and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
 Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
 The time is spent, her object will away,
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
 'Pity'—she cries,—'some favour—some remorse—'
 Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
 Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
 The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,
As who should say, lo! thus my strength is tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'holla,' or his 'Stand, I say'?
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whe'r he run, or fly, they knew not whether;
For thro' his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
As they were mad unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
 For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did destroy!
 But now her cheek was pale, and by an by
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
 His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print
 As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing:
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
 And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
 With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'

VENUS AND ADONIS

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou feel it?'
'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it;
O give it me lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it;
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 't is your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone:
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care.
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
O learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And, once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it:
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that 's back'd and burthen'd being young
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk,' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue?
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore
wounding.

'Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible:
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

'Say that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

'But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door?
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrors to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before it barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard;
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd;
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye:

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
 But hers, which thro' the crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she, 'in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
 But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
 But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
 That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
 May say the plague is banished by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lip imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
 Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
 Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;
Before I know myself seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

'Now let me say "good night," and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
'Good night,' quoth she; and, ere he says 'adieu,'
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glued,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that 's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I 'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?'
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar!' quoth she, whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
 She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
 That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
 To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw:
 The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She 's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
 'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me; let me go;
 You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth still,
 Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth fret:
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
 Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
 And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage, (wondrous dread!)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still!
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will:
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, "kill, kill;"
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee I thy death should fear:

VENUS AND ADONIS

'And, more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs.
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way,
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?'—'No matter where,' quoth he;
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent.'—'Why, what of that?' quoth she.
'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.

'But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves: so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

VENUS AND ADONIS

'And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase; O strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

'Call it not love, for love to Heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
 Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
 Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;
 So did the merciless and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
 'Ah me!' she cries, and twenty times, 'woe, woe!'
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
 And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
 End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
 She says, 'tis so:' they answer all, 'tis so:'
 And would say after her, if she said 'no.'

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
 There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother
 May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to oaner.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:
 Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
 Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

VENUS AND ADONIS

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error that they are afraid,
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more;—
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And, there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies:
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,' (thus chides she Death,)
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

VENUS AND ADONIS

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
 Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
 Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

 He overcome, as one full of despair,
 She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
 The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
 But through the floodgates breaks the silver rain,
 And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
 Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
 Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
 Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
 As striving who should best become her grief;
 All entertain'd, each passion labours so
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
 But none is best; then join they all together,
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsmen hollo:
 A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
 The dire imagination she did follow
 This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
 And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
 Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
 Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that called him all-to naught:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
 She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
 Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
 Then, gentle shadow (truth I must confess),
 I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
 Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.'

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and stories
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves,
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes:
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound,
The mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.

Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead;
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or anything ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves to rob him of his fair;

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep:
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him:
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him:
If he had spoke the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave;
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath ki"nd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.'
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies:

Two glasses where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
 'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
 That you being dead the day should yet be light.

'Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures:
 It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
 Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire;
 Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best their love shall not enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise,
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,)
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
 To wither in my breast as in his l'ood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
 There shall not be one minute in an hour
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
 Means to immure herself, and not be seen.